

HOSTETTER'S



BITTERS SO TIRED

Yet you toss about all night, unable to sleep. It's your nerves that are up-
stirred. Weak nerves are starved
nerves and you therefore need some-
thing to nourish and put vim and vital-
ity into them. For this particular duty
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly
endorsed by physicians. It is also in-
valuable in cases of POOR APPETITE,
INSOMNIA, INDIGESTION, DYS-
PEPSIA, WEAK KIDNEYS, BILIOUS-
NESS AND MALARIA, FEVER AND
AGUE. We hope you'll try it at once.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH - BITTERS

HOUSEKEEPERS OUGHT TO KNOW

Something about canned goods.
Learn to buy certain brands that
are known to be first class and that
any grocer will recommend.

If you want the best goods that
are reliable in purity and quality
use

PALACE and EPICUREAN CANNED GOODS.

Remember: "Money back if not
satisfied", guarantee goes with ev-
ery can.

Sold by all grocers.

E. J. WALKER,

Wholesale Agent, Fort Street.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.

THERAPION. This successful
remedy, used in the Continental Hospitals by Rector,
Boussier, Joubert, Yelpeau, and others, combines all
the desiderata to be sought in a medicine of the
kind, and surpasses everything hitherto employed.
It is a powerful diuretic, and maintains the body
in a healthy condition, and well-merited reputation for
the treatment of the kidneys, pains in the back, and
urinary ailments, affording prompt relief where
other well-tried remedies have been powerless.
THERAPION No. 2 for impurity of the blood,
gout, rheumatism, and all diseases for which
it has been too much a fashion to employ mercury.
It is a powerful diuretic, and maintains the body
in a healthy condition, and well-merited reputation for
the treatment of the kidneys, pains in the back, and
urinary ailments, affording prompt relief where
other well-tried remedies have been powerless.
THERAPION No. 3 for exhaustion, sleep-
lessness, and all distressing consequences of
overwork, worry, and over-exertion. It is a
powerful diuretic, and maintains the body in a
healthy condition, and well-merited reputation for
the treatment of the kidneys, pains in the back, and
urinary ailments, affording prompt relief where
other well-tried remedies have been powerless.

SPECIAL SALE

OF

COTTON SHIRTS

and Short Kimonos now on at

FUKURODA'S

Hotel St., No. 28 to 32.



The Famous A.B.C. Beers

are guaranteed absolutely pure.

S. T. ALEXANDER DIED AT VICTORIA FALLS

Yesterday Prof. Alexander cabled for
further information about the locality
where his brother, the late S. T. Alex-
ander, met with his fatal accident. The
place is Victoria Falls and the body
was buried there and not at Capetown,
as reported.

The Victoria Falls are among na-
ture's masterpieces. Situated in the
heart of what was once known only
as "Darkest Africa," and said to be
protected from vision of white men by
dense jungles, rank and extraordinary
growths of tropical vegetation, among
which lived the largest members of the
reptile family as well as herds of
rhinoceros, elephants, lions, and all the
wild creatures of the unexplored sec-
tions of the great continent, the falls
seemed to have been unvisited even by
the ancients who knew so much about
Africa, its pygmies, negro braves and
gold resources. For centuries the falls
were hardly known in tradition, but in
1858 David Livingstone discovered
them. On one of the great rocks there
he carved his name and a brief story of
his mission. In 1861 he visited them
again and was still able to record that
no other white man had ever seen the
wonder. But today a railway stretches
northward from Bulawayo, capital of
Rhodesia, to Victoria Falls—a link in
 Cecil Rhodes's unfinished Cape-to-Cairo
line.

GREAT, WITHOUT BEAUTY.

South Africa, as the world accepts
that term in describing the geographical
features of Africa, is bordered on the
north by the Zambezi river, a slug-
gish stream, deep and carrying a great
volume of water. The Zambezi starts
from the high plains of the southern
portion of the Congo Free State, in
Western Central Africa, and goes in an
easterly direction across Africa to the
Indian ocean. As the river goes east-
ward across the high plains it strikes
the jungles on the western borders of
Matabeleland, one of the States which
made up Cecil Rhodes's empire, Rhode-
sia. As the river reaches Matabele-
land it plunges into the jungle and has
cut an immense canyon to the sea. To
know the greatness of Victoria Falls,
they must be compared with Niagara.
The Victoria Falls, unlike Niagara,
possess little beauty.

The volume of water in the Zambezi
is, in the rainy season, five times the
volume that hurls itself over Niagara
from Lake Erie. The height of Victoria
Falls is almost three times the height
of Niagara, and yet the African cataract
as compared with our American
wonder is worthy of little note. At
Niagara one can stand off and see the
huge mass of water tumble over the
edge of a precipice and watch it drop
the entire height of the falls. With
Victoria it is different. Imagine a river
about exactly a mile wide; imagine in
the river bed at right angles to the
course of the stream a number of gla-
cier-like fissures, about eighty yards
wide and four hundred feet deep. Into
this crack the water falls and escapes
at the bottom through similar zigzag
fissures of the same depth. One can-
not see the water falling. It is like
poring water into a long, narrow, deep
dish. There is little of the spectacular
in that process. One can hear the roar
—Livingstone heard it twenty miles off
—and one can see the high columns of
mist caused by the air, which the fall-
ing water carries down and compresses,
rebounding to a great height and car-
rying spray with it. These high col-
umns of mist, bending gracefully with
the wind, make about all the scenic
effect there is with Victoria Falls.
One man who visited the falls says:
"We had been travelling for days from
Bulawayo to the falls, sometimes cut-
ting our way through rank grass and
weeds which reared themselves to a
height of over fifteen feet. When near
the falls we heard what might be
termed the continual roar of powerful
cannon. It sounded like one would im-
agine were he to come up to the jump-
ing off place of the world and listen to
thousands of acres of land dropping off
into space. Soon we could see a mist,
not so much a mist as a collection of
rainbows for the great clouds of fine
fog like substance which spurted into
the air were studded with rainbows,
caused by the rays of the sun."

The mist which rises from the Victo-
ria Falls pit is called by the natives,
in their own peculiar words, "Smoke
that sounds." This is why they call
the falls "Mosi-oa-tunya" or "Roaring
Smoke." Around this pit of the falls
are perpendicular walls of basalt.

The total length of the Zambezi river,
from its delta at Chinde, East Africa,
is between 1500 and 1600 miles.

TIM MURPHY WANTS TO MAKE A MATCH

Editor Advertiser: I would like you
to insert a challenge for me, Tim Mur-
phy, to fight any man in the Islands
at catch weights, although I only
weigh 150 pounds myself. Mike Patton
or Jack Weedy preferred, the fight to
come off under the club offering the
best inducement. Time, in three weeks
after signing the articles.

Yours truly,

TIM MURPHY.

After the jury in a Texas case had
listened to the charge of the court and
gone to their room to deliberate upon
the verdict, one of the twelve men
went right to the point by saying:
"That this Pike Muldrow order to be
convicted on general principles. He's
bad as they make 'em." As the hum
of approval went around, a weakened
little juror said: "I heard that Pike
guy it out that he'd go gunnin' fur
us if we sent him up, jes' soon's he
got out, an' fur the judge, too." "We
must perfect the judge," they agreed,
and the verdict was "Not guilty."

ONE TENDERFOOT'S EXPERIENCE

(Continued from Page 5.)

mistaken; she may have been cook at
the Henderson House.

In the meantime, they got away, the
blaze-face trailing, her long legs danc-
ing magnificently, the play of his su-
perb muscles suggesting a well-oiled
machine. The black-tail bay was run-
ning a good second. It was a race of
thoroughbreds and did not interest the
tenderfoot at all. He had not come out
of the East to see thoroughbreds run
and there was no new thrill in it. He
turned to watch the woman astride
just in time to see her dash out of the
little crowd that surrounded her, rise
in her stirrups and gaze under her
jeweled hand at the fleeing tale. It was
grand and he forgot that a race was
on; but as she continued her steady
gaze he turned to look for the reason.
The chestnut had found the work too
fast for him; his magnificent stride was
all there was to him. The bay was
pushing him muzzle for muzzle and the
blaze-face still trailing. This way they
made the first circuit. And then, there
was nothing spectacular about it, the
long legs just unraveled little by little,
the white face crept up along the bay's
flank, along his side, just his shoulder
and they ran like a pair of cavalry for
awhile, the riders of the chestnut and
the bay making their whips sing, the
chestnut running easily. This continued
till they swung into the home stretch;
then there was a yellow and white
awakening and the race was over. The
tenderfoot was disgusted, it was the
old, old game without a redeeming fea-
ture of the picturesque. He tried to
find the man who had given him the
tip. It would have done him no good
if he had known it was straight—he
never bet anything more valuable than
his opinion, but it seemed to have an
originality about it that he liked.

Then he turned to see what was left.
Everywhere was dust, insistent, gray,
impartial dust. The superb woman on
horseback lifted her bay into an easy
canter and rode to talk with a patri-
archal and another woman her
rocking chair. Over by the judge's
stand a tall country-looking fellow was
flourishing ten-dollar bills and trying
to get a bet on the next race. To him
went the tenderfoot, he hoped that he
might be really drunk, not feeling any
after the tip he felt that it might really
be so. Eventually he concluded that
this, too, was stereotyped. He began
to wish his train would come.

And then he saw something. An In-
dian, a young Indian with the unmis-
takable, eagle beak of the Sioux, with
long hair floating in the wind, riding
bare backed on a sway-back pony of
the true buckskin, and with evident in-
tention of entering the next race.

"What is it?" he inquired of a cattle
man near by with a fine disregard for
definiteness. But the man understood
"What? Oh! Next race! County
against reservation! Any good! Nawh,
not much; Indians ain't no jockeys.
There's that buckskin kin run like the
devil, but they'll crowd him out one
way or nuther."

The tenderfoot turned just in time to
catch a gleam in a pair of the wicked-
est eyes he had been his pleasure to
see; it gave him the thrill he had been
looking for. There was a glint in them
not unlike, in color, to the green band
that circled the forehead above them
and held back the thick black, horse-
tail hair.

"You want to bet?" queried the own-
er of the eyes looking away toward
where he had left his horse in the
hands of another Indian. "Bet ten dol-
lars the buckskin wins."

"Who's in it?" he started to inquire,
but the cattle man was ahead of him
and he found himself an involuntary
stakeholder. After this important
function was attended to, the Indian
turned to the tenderfoot with a sweep-
ing gesture toward a group gathered
near the judge's stand. "Them," was
his sole comment as he passed on to
join them.

The scoring was interesting and con-
fusing. Not to mention the dust, which
made observation difficult, it is no
easy matter to start 12 excitable ponies
and as many more or less nervous rid-
ers and have the advantage in just the
right place without palpable unfair-
ness. The tenderfoot picked out the
winner at once. This was a little
brown mare, called by courtesy a pony,
but with all the earmarks of an un-
der-sized thoroughbred. She was ridden by
a boy, evidently an old hand, in scarlet
cap and regular jockey costume. The
black victor over the sorrel colt was
his next choice. His rider wore a green
cap but no other jockey clothing. These
scored like veterans; none of the others
did. Most of the riders rode saddles,
but one of the white boys rode bare-
backed as did both Indians. Several
were barefooted and nearly all bare-
headed. The buckskin seemed level-
headed and a likely third.

At last they were away. The race
was a half mile and one circuit would
finish. The track would not accom-
modate so many and two were crowded
off almost at the outset and gave it up.
Two others began to trail hopelessly.
The phenomenal quickness of the black
carried him well to the front, but the
brown was running easily and hugging
his flank; the others were bunched
slightly in the rear and apparently
doing all they could. Before they got
to the quarter the second Indian was
out of it. The buckskin was well up
in the bunch, but crowded to the out-
side limit and after one glance the ten-
derfoot accepted the cattle man's dic-
tum and gave his entire attention to
the leaders. It was a confusing whirl
of dust, cracking whips and cries, but
slowly and surely as they swept down
the farther stretch, the black crept
from the bunch and just as surely the
brown overtook him in spite of whip
and spur, ran even with him, crowded
away from him and pulled in ahead
and her rider threw back his head and
with whip in air opened his mouth in
a hearty laugh at the ease of it. It was
disgusting and the tenderfoot started
to go.

But did horse's hoofs ever make so
much noise before? He turned to see
what it meant. With rhythmic regu-
larity came the sharp crack of a whip
and then out of the rack and the dust
shot a lean yellow streak surmounted
by a mass of black hair floating in the

wind, an eagle-beak above which there
was a flash of green, shot past the
spent black and was lapping the
brown's flank before her jaunty rider
woke to the fact that the race was not
over. The brown responded finely and
accepted the challenge. Fifty yards
of the remaining 250 were covered be-
fore the crowd knew what was happen-
ing. Then there was a roar and a rush
and the tenderfoot could have hugged
himself for joy. It would have been
fine under any circumstances; with the
memory of the cattle man's statement
and the gleam in the Indian's eye, it
was epic. It was not now a question of
jockeying it was strength, it was speed,
it was endurance. All the jockey's
jauntiness was gone. His mouth that
had been opened in laughter closed with
a snap and his nostrils quivered al-
most as did those of his straining
horse. With pump-like regularity the
Indian's arm rose and fell. It almost
seemed that a straight line might have
been drawn from the outstretched nose
to the rapidly flying heels of the buck-
skin. Heedless of his reins the Indian
plied the whip, leaning well forward
his long legs guileless of stirrups hang-
ing loose, not gripping in the least, ap-
parently. Up, up crawled the yellow,
back, back slipped the brown. Would
he make it! Would he make it! Would
—with a final effort the yellow nose
pushed a clear head as they went
under the wire.

"Good for you, old man!" exclaimed
the stakeholder as he turned the \$20 over
to the winner and the cattle man
laughingly added his congratulations.
A ghost of a smile flickered about the
Indian's mouth as he inherited stoicism
struggled with acquired vanity and the
desire to joke. And then he looked the
tenderfoot squarely in the eye as he
replied in excellent English and with a
perceptible drawl. "Yes, I didn't forget
all they taught me while I was at Car-
lisle."

The tenderfoot had a thoughtful look
as he again took his seat on the plat-
form to await his overdue train. The
two Sergeants loomed by on the flank
pony and the long-legged mule, keep-
ing their seats with difficulty. The
young girls shrill and noisy as always
scattered homeward on their ponies
apparently as free from parental re-
straint as so many young wolves. The
old Indians stalked away across the
prairie to their tents. A train whistled
hoarsely in the distance. He took out
the letter again and read.

"You can talk as you please, but you
can't convince me that that God-for-
saken country is a fit place for a civil-
ized man to live."

"Poor old Potter," he said as he put
the letter into his pocket and went into
the station for his valise and coat.—
Outing.

HOW TO AVOID THE DANGERS

OF A COLD.—Everyone must realize the
dangers attending a severe cold,
and that it is always prudent to re-
main in-doors until the danger is passed.
Many, however, do not feel able
to lose the time and will be interested
in knowing that a severe cold may be
broken up and all danger avoided by
the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy. It not only cures, but cures
quickly and counteracts any tendency
toward pneumonia. For sale by all
dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd.,
agents for Hawaii.

Candidate Davis is probably attend-
ing the dances just to show that his legs
are still of the same length.—Washing-
ton Post.

Hawaii's

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Newspaper

The Sunday Advertiser

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of a place in the family circle.

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that its circulation is so extensive
and its patronage so large.

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best advertising medium in Ha-
waii Territory.

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